

THE LESS

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By STEWART ALSOP

On the morning of April twentieth Fidel Castro's army was busy in the Bay of Pigs area, killing or capturing the pathetic remnants of the American-supported Cuban invasion force. That morning, when President Kennedy rose to address a meeting of newspaper editors in Washington, he was in a grim, unsmiling mood.

"There are from the lessons for us all to be still obscure. Some are clear."

What lessons? And have we learned them? Those questions need answering. For there was something downright mysterious about the whole Cuban disaster. The mystery was this. The President and his chief advisers, without exception, intelligent men, yet it mysteriously brought disaster down on them.